

were delightful, and Lucy settled herself in Aunt Jane's lap in a twinkling.

Aunt Jane cuddled her up. "Now, let's watch," she said, "and when we see a light, we'll go neighboring."

"Neighboring?" inquired Lucy.

"Yes, see? There's the first light now, shining across the bay. That's the lighthouse man's. We'll go and make him a call."

Aunt Jane rapped on the arm of the chair.

"Come in." Aunt Jane spoke just like a man.

"Good evening, Mr. Lighthouseman," said Aunt Jane. "Lucy and I have come to see you."

"Well, well," (Aunt Jane was the Lighthouseman now) "I'm proper glad to see you. It gets to be real lonesome 'bout this time'r night. And so this is Lucy! I used to have a little girl 'bout her size." (Aunt Jane made the Lighthouseman's voice sound real sorrowful.) "I'm proper glad to see her. Little folks seldom get my way."

Aunt Jane now made believe talk a long time with the lighthouse man, and then she made believe they were invited to go upstairs where the light was burning. Aunt Jane told how the lighthouse man polished the reflectors and trimmed the lamp, and spoke of the great ships passing safely into harbor. Lucy wanted to keep on seeing the lighthouse man all the evening; but the lights were shining all over the neighborhood now, and Aunt Jane said they must go and call on Miss Smith. Aunt Jane made believe Miss Smith was very glad to see them, and she invited them to have a cup of tea. It was great fun to make believe stories about when Miss Smith was a little girl. They were beautiful stories, and Lucy wanted to hear more, but Aunt Jane said no, they must go and see the Jones' children.

Lucy did not want to make believe call upon them at all, but afterwards they proved to be the greatest fun of all. Aunt Jane did make them play such lively games and say such funny things. Lucy laughed and laughed, and even made believe talk with them herself.

When they had finished calling upon the Jones' children, they made believe to go see the Grays and poor old Mr. Brown. Then it was time to go to bed.

The next night, Lucy wanted to make the calls all over again, and every night, after that, Aunt Jane and she made believe to go see "their friends," as Lucy soon learned to call them. When she said her prayers, she prayed for Miss Smith and the lighthouse man and all the others. After awhile, Aunt Jane and she made some really truly calls, and before Lucy realized what had happened, she and Miss Smith and the Jones' children and all the rest were the very best of friends. She forgot that Miss Smith was old, and that Mr. Brown was lame. She forgot everything excepting that Aunt Jane's neighbors were the nicest people in the world.—Exchange.

Let us ask sincerely, with our hearts open to the blessing which God will send in answer to prayer if the channels are open to receive.

Do not live to be happy; live to help Christ to save the world.—F. B. Meyer.

THE MUMP PARTY.

By Ethel S. Young.

Ruthie was guiding Flora's hand as she wrote. Flora could write almost as well as her little mother. She carefully spelled out "Grandma" on one side of the slip of paper, and "Party" on the other. Together they folded the paper and poked it through the keyhole of grandma's door. Then Ruthie knocked three times.

"Bless me," cried grandma, "there's the postman. I see I have a letter."

"It's an invitation," explained Ruthie, running with the paper to grandma's chair. "It's a mump party for Flora, because she feels so badly not to go to her cousin Dorothy's real party this afternoon." Flora's throat was tied up in flannel, so was Ruthie's.

"Mump parties are the best kind for lame old ladies," said grandma, with a kiss as thanks for her invitation.

Ruthie flew away to get ready. Back she came with Flora dressed in her prettiest gown. Then came the best tea-set, used only on state occasions.

"We're going to have something very nice, because Flora's so disappointed," Ruthie said as she set out the dishes on grandma's table. "There's going to be sugar in milk for tea, and animal crackers!"

"Then I shall have to put on my best black silk apron," decided grandma.

Ruthie gave grandma a little hug and brought the apron. She had on her own best dress and her hair nicely combed. It began to feel like a real party.

"What games does Flora like?" asked grandma when Ruthie at last announced that the party was ready to begin.

"She likes 'What am I thinking of?'" replied Ruthie, glancing at grandma's lame foot. She would not be so impolite as to say tag or hide-and-seek. So, they sat still as mice and guessed what Flora was thinking of for ten minutes, by the clock.

"She'll have to tell us," said grandma, when the clock struck four.

Ruthie jumped up and clapped her hands. "She's thinking it's time for the animal crackers," she cried.

It was queer they had not guessed sooner. Flora had been staring at the heaped-up plate on the table all the while.

Then something happened. The door opened, and in came mamma with a big dish covered with a napkin. A card on the top read, "For the mump party." Under the napkin were little chocolate cakes, macaroons and bonbons. "Something for Flora from Dorothy," said mamma.

Ruthie hopped on one foot with delight, and hugged mamma and grandma and Flora. She poured out the milk tea, and they ate first the animal crackers, then the macaroons and chocolate cakes, and snapped the bonbons.

"Guess what Flora thinks now, grandma," said Ruthie as she tied a pink bonbon cap on grandma's head. "Don't you know? Why, she thinks mump parties are 'most as good as really ones."—Selected.

Let us ask unitedly; God over and over fulfills his promise of giving to those who agree together.